New Models For Winter Frocks.

UNLIMITED LICENSE TO COM-BINE STUFFS AND COLORS.

An Incident of the Great Worth and a Famously Rich American Woman.

New York, Nov. 2 .- It is mostly in matters of detail that fashion is just now occupying herself, main features of early winter costumes differing in no great degree from those of autumn clothes. Sleeves continue to drop, until now the chief bulge may be said to be at the el-low; and skirts are still very wide and as much godeted as ever, only admit-ting sometimes, in very dressy instances, of an elaborate and fantastic decoration This decoration may be either wide or parrow, a foot roll of fur, a bias band that reaches to the knee, and perhaps there richly outlined in Vandykes, or else in the shape of appliances too gor-geous for description. It may also, with taste, be in an entirely different line and texture from the gown, but commonly matches the revers of the bodice and long cuffs of the sleeves.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS. A trimmed design for a silk skirt is of exceeding simplicity, and yet is most ef exceeding simplicity, and yet is most effective. The skirt is godeted and front and back laid in five wide tucks at the bottom, sides remaining plain; and when fastioned in this way one of the new changeable sliks is commonly employed. A skirt for house use is madsilks and laines, and is gathered primly



For Street Wear.

at the waist all around in the good old-fashioned way our grandmothers liked. This gathered model is also seen in an occasional imported tellet for dressy occasions, but somehow it seems there out of place, the spreading splender of the godet article having spoiled us for its

MARIE ANTOINETTE THE RAGE.
For evening wear many bodiess are beginning to be pointed at the bottom, after
the Marie Antoinette mode.

the Marie Antoinette mode.

The evening toflet pictared illustrates this with piquant effect, and the design will be found becoming to any figure not too slender.

In the original the gown was in one of splendid Louis XVI silks that now flood the market—and are possible only to the rich and mighty; white, with a pink stripe, up which clambers little rosebads, a glistening moire wave covering the whole. The sleeves and V front of the bodice, which laces up the back, are of white mousseline de sole.

of white mousseline de sole. of white mousetine de sole.

Pink and white stephanotis, interspersed with knots of yellow autique lace, trim the bottoms of these, and simple into a becoming bertha at the beck.

And here a word to the uninitiated.

THE DIFFERENCE IN DESIGNS, monly mistaken, are not by any means the

same.

The Pompadour article, the silk specialist will tell you, must be always flowered,
in sprays or bouquets, though it may either
be broaded or imprime, printed in the
shadowy fashion of chine silk.

On the other hand, to be genuine, a Marie Antoineste must be primarily striped, slen-der lines, in pale tones, on a pink, blue, or white ground. The flowering comes in in the shape of garlands twisted into wreaths

all over the striped weave and tied with love knots, or else clambering up the stripes may-pole fashion.

Again, there may be small flowers sent tered over the striped background, or prim | an idea on the dressmaker's part to use up

raccoon fur, are the materials employed, and, as with all the jackets on this order, the lower portion is pleated, shirt method, to a yoke.

Almost no snur coats are worn now, the

Almost no snug coats are worn now, these short blouse-like affairs having taken their place entirely. They are not always made of cloth, but have sometimes the sleeves and roke in one material and the skirt portion in

One splendid visiting affair, so arranged, was a Randmitz confection, which had the yoke and sleeves in cunerald green velvet, perforated in large squares over white satin, and a skirt of broadfall.

This, though hanging at the back in four inturning pleats, gave no impression of



A Novelty in Furs.

figure.
The perforations of the velvet were edged and threaded over with jet until this por-tion of the garment bristled like armor. The effect of the whole was superb.

A SMART STREET GOWN. The natty street gown, shown with the The natty street gown, snown with the double-breasted front and casy lines, pictured the revived interest in black Hercules braid that has suddenly seized upon the modist world.

In this instance the gown stuff is Zibe-

In this instance the gown stuff is Zibeline cloth, which seems conventional enough
to support the stout braid; but it has been
found on velvet as well, and not uncommonly will be seen a stylish English hat
bound and rosetted with it. Compared to
other trimmings Herecules braid is quite
inexpensive, and, where a stout wool
walking frock is in contemplation, it is
well to keep it in mind. Black is always
used on color and a look of elaborateness
can be made by combining different widths.

It is a tale of many colors that tells the
back-turned bodice with the square hat
and long well. In design it seems simple
and familiar enough—except that the backs
of bodices were never as much trimmed
as now; but it is realized in staffs never
known to combine before, and which now
come together with unchallenged license.

This bodice proper is in black serge, as



A Dinner Gowr

rough and heavy as a young blanket. The yoke, collar and double epaulettes are white velvet; the long cuff buttons of the selectes sapphire blue silk, over which is gathered black silk muslin. Then with this there are bands of rich yellow lace—one at the front shaped into a pleat and fast-ened down with diamond and sapphire battons, and a belt and collar of black mousseline de sole-

Was ever a garment madder! Moreover it is strongly suggestive of



Shoulder Decorations

that foolish ribbon in love-knots or curling waves, that speaks more than anything elsof long-dead Marie Antoinette, and that, perhaps, was one of the tell-tales to bring her little neck to the guillotine. Who knows? Ribbons have always been considered the symbol of extravagance and

them in the handles of her milk pails or around the necks of her sheep when she

tured, is demonstrated the present all em-bracing fancy for short tails and loose offeets. Pala be wn Same slots and natural

bud with stiff stem and leaves, or else tiny tight bouquets of minute roses.

But over it all will run that magic ribbon, on the same subject.

The lady in hand was an American, more famed for her dollars than her looks, and worth was going through the agony of making her beautiful. Suddenly he grabbed up a scrap of silk from the floor, an unrolled how, and, twisting it into a knot, sinpped it at the hady's knee.

"There," he said, "that how is magnificent at the knee, I will make it the fashion."

"I won't have it," said the lady, where-upon Worth turned the silk into a dif-ferent shaped knot and pinned it to her bust with the same speech, "I will make

It was the same bowl

Mrs. Stanton's Eighty Years

FULL OF NOBLE SERVICE IN WOMAN'S PROGRESS.

700,000 Will Celebrate Her Birthday-A Beautiful Old Age.

New York, Nov. 3.-In Mrs. Stanton's case the almond bloom of age is as beau tiful as the apple blossom of life's spring. With ever faculty in perfect control, a brilliant mind enriched with memories of half a century, and a magnetic personality, Mrs. Stanton has retained beauty and power. Those who do not syni-pathize with all of her theories and endeavors cannot fail to appreciate her courage and her mental endowments. On November 12, her eightleth birth

day, the National Council of Women of the United States, numbering twenty or ganizations with a membership of 700,000 women, propose to hold a celebration at the Metropolitan Opera House to tender congratulations to this pioneer of woman's rights.

With her work to-day every one is fa-

miliar, but comparatively few persons know the details of her early life and how she become touched with the prophetic spirit of the times. You shall hear of it in her own words, spoken in her cozy apartment in New York, where she lives and works several hours each day. MRS. STANTON'S STORY.

The death of her only brother gave her the first suggestion of the superiority of a boy to a girl. "I well remember,"



Elizabeth Cady Stanton at Present Day.

says Mrs. Stanton, "going into the large dark parior to look at my brother, and finding my father there pale and mimovable by his side, I slowly approached ham and climbest upon his knee. He put his arm around me, and I lay there with my head on his breast for a long time. Then he heaved a deep sigh and said: 'How I wish you were a looy!' 'Well,' I said, 'I will try to do all that a boy does!' "I went to bed that night thinking what I could do. I decided that I would learn

Twent to bed that I would learn to ride my pony. Up to that time I never would go out without the coachman having the bridle, but I decided that I would courageous and brave and learn to e alone. And then I would study

Greek.

"So the next morning as soon as I was dressed, I hastened down to meet our good pastor in his garden, which joined our own. Finding him there at work as usual, I said: "Doctor, which do you love the better, boys or girls?"

"Why, girls," said he. "I would not give you for all the boys in the universe."

"My father loves boys best, and as I said, lest night that I would try to be as

"'My father loves boys best, and as I said has hight that I would try to be as much like a boy as I could, I want to learn Greek. Will you teach me?"
"'Yes, my child,' said he, throwing down Yes, my child, 's: his hoe, 'come into my study and we will begin at once."

"There he taught me the Greek article before breakfast, and I can hear his old broad Scotch accents as clearly as I did sixty-nine years ago."

IMPORTANT INFLUENCE. Soon afterward she entered the Academy of her native town, studying with the boys Latin, Greek, and mathematics, but from the old Scottish clergyman she received

many influences during the formative period

many influences during the formative period of her character.

"My father's office was in a wing adjoining the house, and I used to go there and listen to the complaints of the clients. The women from the Scotch neighborhood came in to make their complaints. At that time all the women of this State were under the old common law of England. A married woman could be inherit any property; whatever was left inherit any property; whatever was left her went to her husband. She could not have her went to her associate. Six-void not are her own wages; if a woman worked all day long, what she carned belouged to her husband at night; and, if you paid her, the law could compel you to pay him over again. A woman could not do business in again. A woman count not no duamess in her own name, she could not make a con-tract; she could not sue or be sued; she could not own her own children. Sitting in my father's office I listened to all these complaints of the women and got my first idea of the cruelty of the laws. The women used to weep and talk, and my father need to be please to dee newther. father seemed so helpless to do anything

"When I asked him why he did nothing for these women he said: "Well, the trouble is the law is in the way." Then

I would say 'Let me see the law.' I could not believe that anything could stand in the way of renedying such trouble. "Seeing my ludignation, the students used to amuse themselves looking up the very worst laws relating to women and reading them to me so that they kapt me is a conthem to me, so that they kept me in a con stant state of wrath. After a while I got them all marked, and I used to go into the office and read them over and over again. At last I said: 'If these laws are the things that make all women so miserable, I will just get a pair of scissors and cut them out, and that will end their suffering." A CASE IN POINT.

"Now, Flora Campbell, who used to wear big red cloak with a bood, come every Saturday and brought us chickens, eggs, maple sugar, and sweet flag, and I had a very tender feeling for Flora Campbell. One day when she had been telling my father what she suffered at the bands of her son and his wife (for her husband had left the farm to the son, although Flora's money had bought the land), who did not take good care of her, I said: 'Now, Flora, dry your tears; I am going into the office to cut every one of those laws out of the books, and you will have no more treather.'

"Flora told my father, and he took me rota told my lather, and he took me into his office. 'If my office should burn to-night,' he said, 'it would make no difference, as there are a hundred lawyers in the State, and all have these same books. When you are older, you can go down to Albany and tell the legislature wha you have witnessed here, how budly these laws work, and then they will pass new ones.' My thought then turned to the time when I would be big enough to go down to the legislature.

"At the Johnstown Academy I studied

everything that the boys did, and my on-ambition was to outstrip a boy in every thing so as to make my father say. 'Well, after all, a girl is as good as a boy.' was riding splendidly on my pony, and kept at the head of the class in Greek, Latin and mathematics, until when the class was graduated at the end of five



Elizabeth Cady Stanton in Youth.

years, I took the second prize-a Greek "I hastened home, rushed to my father,

"I hastened home, rushed to my father, but when I was aching to hear him say something to show he recognized the equality of the daughter with the son, he kissed me on the forchead and exchained with a sight. "Ah, you should have been a boy!" That ended my pleasure. I fied to my room, flung the book on the floor, and wept tears of bitterness.

GOING TO THE LEGISLATURE.
"In due time I was married, and two of the young men who had studied with me at the academy were elected to the legislature.

"Another influence upon my development was my cousin, Gerrit Smith, a great abolitionist; and visiting in his house I met many abolitionists, and heard discussed the question of human rights. I used to go with him to conventions, and all the pleas that I heard for negroes' freedom, I applied to women. It was at his house that I met my husband. Our wedding trip was to Eugland, where there was a call for the World's Anti-Slavery convention. This was in 1840. The women had taken a very active part in the anti-slavery agitation, and women delegates were sent; but when they reached their destination, they were build to take their seats.

"When I returned home I decided to hold a convention and discuss women's "Another influence upon my development

hold a convention and discuss women's rights, for I considered the condition of woman about as degraded as that of the slave on the Southern plantation. I wrote to my two friends in the legisla-ture to know if I could have a hearing

ture to know if I could have a hearing on the married woman's property bill, and they replied 'yes.' From 1840 to 1848 Ernestine L. Rose, Paulina Wright, and myself had circulated petitions in the State of New York.

"I used to go up in the garret every day and read over my speech, thinking I could slip to Albany and back without the knowledge for anybody but the legislature, and, one day when I was thinking of all this, my father entered with the old Albany Evening Journal, edited by Thurlow Weed. He laid the paper down in front of me and said. 'What does this mean." And there I read. 'Elizabeth Cady Stanton is to address the legislature Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock on 'The Married Waman's Property Itil.'
"I answered: I suppose it means what it says.' He was perfectly confounded,

it says.' He was perfectly confounded, and so was L. "Then he said: "When my clients have gone I wish you would read it to me." I was in the depths of despair; I had never seen my pame in print before, and thought it was the most awful disgrace that could befall a woman.

HER FATHER'S HELP.

"When I read my speech to my father "When I read my speech to my father he suggested several improvements and found worse laws for illustration than I had, working with me till I o'clock in the morning, yet for a conservative old judge to have his daughter the subject of raticule was a deep blow. I speke two hours, and this, my first speech, was published in the Evening Journal. That same year, 1848, the married woman's property law passed, and gave married women their rights to their property. That same year there was a constitutional convention, and we moved to Seneca Falls, where I called the first woman's suffrage where I called the first woman's suffrage convention ever held in the world. This was organized in the Methodist church, and lasted two days, during which we issued a declaration and a series of resolu tions. We had not the slightest idea that anybody would make fun of it, but it was laughed at and ridiculed from one end of the country to the other. I have lived to see an entire revolution in woman's field

of energy. within the month, with comments relating to the position of woman in antiquity The two pictures of Mrs. Stanton shown here are illustrative of life. The first shows her at the beginning of her pioneer career. It is suggestive of the pictures of Sonya Kovalivsky, the famous Russian mathematician.

MUSICAL SAND.

It Can Be Produced in Great Perfec-tion by Artificial Means. Mr. Carus Wilson found that fine sand from Studiand Bay, which was senerous on the beach, but must when carried home in a box, gave out a shrill note when struck

in a teacop, says Temple Bar.

The glazed sides of the cup increased the intensity of vibration of the sand by increasing the number of poished surfaces in contact, and this was proved by putting the same sand in various vessels with rough interiors and by lining the clazed and polished vessels with the clazed and polished vessels with the

glazed and polished vessels with sifk, when it became mute again.

Sand of the Eigg type, possessing the physical conditions necessary for the production of music in great perfection, is musical in receptacles of almost any kind

musical in receptations of almost any kind or form. The smallest quantity of musi-cal sand from which Mr. Wilson got a true note was a thimbleful of Eigg sand. Less perfect musical sand, such as that of Studiand bay, was found to be usually mute, except in situ, or in vessels of hard, glazed except in situ, or in vessels of hard, glazed interiors and of certain definite form. Some "sulky" sands not only needed vessels of hard, glazed interiors and of definite form, but also a box or small periestal of wood—a "coaxer"—on which the vessel had to be placed before the notes became audible. A "sulky" sand could be rendered far more musical by being sifted, washed and boiled, giving out notes after this treatment without the aid of the "coaxer."

Most musical sands are found to be quickly "killed," or rendered mute by frequent shak-

"killed," or rendered mute by frequent shak-ing, as the harder materials abrade the softer, producing a fine dust which prevents the production of sound.

In further experiments Mr. Wilson operated on unmusical sands by sifting, to remove fine particles and to insure uniformity in the size of the grains; by rolling down an inclined plane of frosted glass to separate the rounded from the angular grains, and by boiling in diluted hydrocholoric acid to cleanse the surfaces; and succeeded in thus obtaining sand-which in certain glazed ves-sels gave a musical note as clear as any musical sand known to him, except that of

Eigg.
The results of his experiments clearly show the physical conditions which same must possess in order to emit musical sounds and also that it does not appear to be impossible, by suitable artificial means, to produce a sand which, like the Eigg sand, will be musical in almost any receptacle.

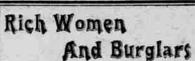
Old World Rolls Along. There's time enough for sighin', An' time enough for song. But hurry up the music, For the old world rolls along!

There's time enough for toflin'—
To trample down the wrong;
But hurry up the battle,
For the old world rolls along!

Where the saints an' angels throng: But never mind the chariot, For-the old world rolls along! -Atlanta Constitution

It's Only a Bluff. What has struck the State of Texas? What has got into the land? And with the angels stand?

—New York Press.



PEMININE IDEAS OF PROTECT-ING JEWEL TREASURES.

Still Alarms, Secret Safes, Changed Passwords and Clever Schemes Galore.

"What to Do with a Burglar," was briefly the subject of a very nice and valuable little paper read the other day before a lengue of matrons, who keep house on very nearly a million dollar scale and gather twice a month to discuss all the problems of housewifery. The paper on burglars met with instant

thrilling anecdote of daring robbery to ex cite her fearers' interest, and delighted them with an account of a new improved

in the jeweler's safes, that are built into a huge cage in the shop's basement and divided into little compartments, let out to the depositors at a royally high price. But there is rarely a time when it is not brimmingly rull, for rich women, unlike careless actresses, never carry jewels about with them to any extent on their travels.

TRAVELING JEWELS.

If they do the author of the paper vouches for it that even Mrs. Sloan, whose jewels are her pride, carries three imitations of her glorious pearls and regal diamonds. The firm with which she deposits her casket have made the pieces up for her and to her maid and her household these are known as her traveline lewels. On short known as her traveling jewels. On short visits here and there to country houses the maid carries these deceptive trinkers in a wonderful little box made like a small leather-covered trunk. It closes with a safe combination lock, is fitted inside with safe combination lock, is fried inside win leather lined trays, and the maid is abso-lutely responsible for the safety of every article contained, though the diamonds are but brilliants and the pearls of famous Parisian manufacture.

SECRET SAFES.

Once at home, and settled down to a round of galeties, Mrs. Sloan and her sister leaders in society splendors have out a selection of real lewels from deposit, and every night, when the toilet for bed s made the femme de chambre is disthem with an account of a new improved alarm, invented by a woman, and guaranteed to bring a housebreaker to his undoing.

But it appeared, as the anthor read, that among the penalties of wealth rich American women must endure, are dangers of theft, not alone from the man.



Mrs. Kernochan and a Thie,

A Burglar Under the Bed.

They are only to be taken out on Mrs. Astor's request in person, or given to some one who brings the key of her vault, along with, what is known as her password. This password is arranged every mouth or two between Mrs. Astor and her jewelers. It is constantly changed, in order to prevent such a mishap as befell Mrs. Langtry, and the order, password, and key must all be presented by some one known to the firm as in Mrs. Astor's confidence. The same rule holds good for every depositor

the Astor diamonds rest here in security.

They are only to be taken out on Mrs. Astor's the unfortunite lady's friends profited by request in person, or given to some one who brings the key of her vault, along with.

as Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, send all val

uable ornaments to the bank when away from home even for the space of two days.

MRS.PARANSTEVEN'S ECCENTRICITY. It was with the late Mrs. Paran Stev-

ens that fear of having her jewels stolen by her domestics amounted to a fad. She

had no safe, but hid her beautiful ornaments

atmed with a bulls-eys lantern and false keys, and it is the safety of her jewels and siver that he most heavily on her mind.

When the big houses on Bellevue avenue door, and struggle along with its knob, at Newport are to be closed for the winter. women like Mrs. Gale and Mrs. Morgan, who both boast superb collections of gold table service, send to New York for an expert, who arrives to pack in steel clamped cases the glorious goblets and dishes, all of which is done in the owner's received in stripped range, and center the stripped range a

presence, in stripped paper and canton dannel swathings. At the conclusion four enormouss wax scals are placed on the flat locks and stamped with the lady's crest, and then the expert sets off with his precious luggage for a certain well-known house of jewelers and silversmiths, whose underground vanits at times hold what represents al-

most as much wealth as the vaults of the United States Treasury. KEY AND PASSWORD REQUIRED. Down in little chamois leather-lined opartments of the firm's great safes ie sometimes for a twelvemonth nearly a couple of million dollars' worth of jew is, for it is out of respect to the modern istute burglar that the major portion of

door, and struggle along with its knob, and that is just wherein, says the author of the paper on burglars, that the great danger to one's possessions lie.

CONFIDENTIAL MAIDS. Gould's, Mrs. Austin Corbin's or Mrs.

Twombiy's wardrobe is usually high in her mistress's confidence. She knows the combinations, just what jewels are at the bankers and which ones are at home, and greater tempations cannot be offered than lie constantly before these women. But women are not prone as a rule to But women are not prone as a rule to run such a risk as a great jewel thief, though it was the maid of a great lady, who a few years ago made a most suc-cessful haul of noble gens by the aid of her sweetheart, a little French jeweler. In brilliants, French pearls and enamel, that shrewilly imitated turquoise, he copied a spiendid necklace, stomacher, bro and headpiece. These the maid put in place of the real ornaments, resigned her posi-tion and was gone eight months before her employer's jeweler discovered the trick, and

in odd places all over the house, then frequently forgetting where they were and setting the very servants she so suspected to hunting them up again.

The author of what to do with a burglar

The author of what to do with a burglar amused her audience by saying that nothing had more sharply stirred up the suspicions of the rich, bejeweled society matrons than the exhibition recently given, in a clever little play, of how neatly a wholly respected but hopeiessly criminal young gentleman in society could unbook diamonds from the throats of lidles whose wraps he assisted, or pluck brooches from the bodice of his partners in the perman. Since the stage presentation of this fashionable burglar the clasps of necklaces have been made to screw together, tharas to catch with double-pronged ends, and breoches to hold with safety catches.

MRS LORILLARD'S PLAN.

MRS. LORILLARD'S PLAN. MRS. LORILLARD'S PLAN.

What to do with a genuine burglar, however, is another matter, though a clever girl has but just invented a device for exorcising him that all admiringly declare is the only really perfect alarm known, for every woman confidently expects sooner or later to awake some night and find a burly house-breaker making a selection from her top bureau drawers.

To screen is a convenient but dealth. a selection from her top bureau drawers.

To scream is a convenient but doubtful expedient and few enough of us have
just the courage to need the situation as
did Mrs. Lerillard. She had come home
one night from the opera, kind-heartedly
dismissed her tired maid and began to
undo the jowels from her hair when a

undo the Jewels from her hair when a reflection from her mirror showed her an unmistakable masculine foot, clamsily clad haif protrading from beneath her bed.

When all the ormanents had been removed she went across to the bedsale, kucht and softly began her prayers, which somehow that night were more hearry and generous than ever before. She prayed for her friends and family, for the needy and then in a placid voice for any who might be tempted to commit crimes. An uncontrollable sob interrupted her devouncontrollable sob interrupted her devo-tions, and a gaunt, hungry-looking, red-headed Irishman crawled out from hiding, blubbering like a small boy. He turned out to be an ex-coachman of the family, who had fallen from grace into crime, in which his extraordinarily tender sensibilities must sooner or later have brought him to grief and a jail. Not only did his late mistress forgive him and bestow on the rependant wretch sufficient to relieve his distress, but made him up with her own hands a confortable hine, from the rehands a comfortable lunch from the ice box and lighted him out the area door, after a severe lecture, and receiving his solemn assurance of reformation. Well, in case Mrs. Lorillard's brave plan

of burglar diplomacy seem too difficult of burglar diplomacy seem too unrichal for an occasion, this nice, new invention comes charmingly into play. It is a little barmiess looking black button on the side-loard of one's bed which when present by the disturbed sleeper rings an alarm by the disturbed sleeper rings an alarm in the servants' apartments. There is a code of signals, by which one short sharp ring followed by two long ones means that the house-breaker is pursuing his pro-fession in the ringer's own room and fur-ther combinations of rings designate other rooms or flours to be searched.

All these strends can be roade while

rooms or floors to be searched.

All these signals can be made, while
the burglar, in false conviction of his victim's slumbers, is picking over one's belongings, by silently slipping one hand out
to the knob. Then when the bold robber
turns to make his exit he most fall gently into the strong, yearning embrace of t MRS. KIRNOCHAN'S WIT. It is always best on the whole to let a burglar work his will until some help is

burglar work his will until some help is near, for in a close corner this atherwise almost harmiess creature will do des-perate things; and locaing under the bed is invariably a fine precaution, in spite of all that men will say in ridicule of the plan. It was only the other day that an exhibition of what might be called fooish femioine nervousness disclosed a borglar in the neatest manner. There came up a thunder storm in the night, with a frightful play of lightning, that filled the little wife with an ardent

night, with a frightful play of lightning, that filled the little wife with an ardent desire to shat herself in her big dress closet. Her husband exaced and argued against her fears, but up she got, pluesed open the closet door, and to her alarmed gaze was revealed by a tremendous flast a wretched burglar kneeling and crossing himself on the closet floor.

Under cover of the thunder and rain he had made a jour of the house, but as great a coward before lightning as the little wife, he got fint the closet, whence he was skillfully ejected by the husband, who never laughts now at his wife's alarm. On the whole, though, women are cool

ou the whole, though, women are cool and placky in dealing with burghers and it was Mrs. James Kfraccian who all alone one night in her country house, save for servants on the top floor, caught a glimpse over the transom of her bed-room door of a familiar face. He watched her as she counted a roll of bills drawn that day from the bank to pay her household expenses, but she con-tinued to make up her accounts, contriv-tor to the contribution of the conwhole sum, amounting to several hur whose sam, amounting to several naive dred dollars, she put carelessly in her desk drawer, blew out her light, got into bed and heard very distinctly when the theft was made. By 11 o'clock the next morning both thief and bills were returned, and in this instance quiet acquiescence had undoubtedly saved the MILLICENT ARROWPOINT,

HIS "OLD WOMAN"

Did Not Wear Bloomers, But She Ran Things in One Household.

She was small and wiry, and maybe forty, says the New York World. She did not pose as a new woman—in fact, "he" called her the "old woman." She did not wear bloomers. She wore a callon dress, skimpy in the skirt and ragged at the elbows, and her wisp of hair was done up in a hardknot at the back of her head. There was a certain "set" to her sharpchin as she turned the corner of Third avenue and saw him eaning against the lamp-post, which was

ominous. He saw her coming.

"There's the old woman," he said, and slipped into the side door. A minute later she walked in at the "family entrance."

What happened within is not history,
"Dinner on the table," she was saying as she drove him before her through the si she nove into bottom or stronger are said door, out into the cold world, "since 11 o'clock?" and her voice went up an octave. "You—good for nothing loater. You— you—" she went on, shrilly, embarrassed as to epithets by the richness of his de-

serving.

"He" was large and lumbering and meekeyed. He slon-hed hastily through the gathering crowd, but the "old waman" followed,
"Lemme 'lone!" he protested, as she took
him by the slack of his cost and headed him

in the opposite direction. "I say I ain't a goin!"
"You say!" she shricked, dersively. "I say you be. Git!" She propelled him several feet forward. He stopped and looked around besitatingly 'I ain't a goin' home, I say, to be jawed

at."
She marched him forward. When he stopped a volley of words goaded him on. Large and himbering and meek-eyed, he slouched inwillingly at the head of the procession, with half the neighborhood in the rear.

A policeman stood on the far corner, grinning.

grinning.
"There's the woman for you," he commented, cheerfully. "A few more like that would be worth a dozen police for keeping the corners clear."

The Cunning Legislator. He run for the legislatur'—
He said to the people. 'Whith
When you put me in
I'm a-goin' to win A name for the town and State!"

An' the people cheered and shouted, .

An' the voters cried: "Hurrah!

There ain't no doubt

He will help us out— He's a-layin' down the law!"

An' he went to the legislatur'
With a brand new beaver hat,
An' a new silk tie
An' a cunnin' eye, An' he throwed the people flat! a man that owned a million

Walked in an' bought the town,
An' he bent his neck
To a big, fat check. An' he knocked the whole State down!

Then the voters raved and shouted.
But he smiled, for he had "the pull;"
A mortgage great
On the sufferin State An' his pockets brimmin' full -Frank L. Stanton.